

APR 17 1955

Approved For Release 2000/06/13 : CIA-RDP75-00001R000100190090-8

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CHATTANOOGA (Tenn.)
TIMESCirc.: m. 56,703
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Page Page Page

CPYRGHT

Date: APR 17 1955

MONEY IS LACKING
FOR THIS HANDOUTU.S. Can't Afford Leaflet
on White House Except
for Special GroupsCPYRGHT
BY DOROTHY M'ARDLE
North American Newspaper Alliance

WASHINGTON, April 16—Sister, can you spare a dime?

If everybody did, poor Uncle Sam might be able to afford to give visitors a 10-cent leaflet describing the White House. Illustrated pamphlet most tourists never see.

Such a leaflet, with pictures and descriptions of state reception rooms at the White House, exists. But hardly anybody knows about it.

Where do you get it? Not at the White House! Not unless you are a VIP or a school child here on an organized tour.

The sightseers who have been pouring through the White House at the rate of 3,000 to 10,000 daily during the Easter holidays didn't get it. Those who went through on the early morning guided tours, to which senators, congressmen and other government officials send constituents, didn't get it.

The brochure first came to light the other day when a privileged handful paid a special White House visit. There was a modest pile of these leaflets at the front door. A guard told the visitors:

"Mrs. Eisenhower would like you to have one of these."

Fact is, Mamie is said to wish that each of the hundreds of thousands who file through the White House yearly could be handed a leaflet describing what they see. But the booklets aren't available—Uncle Sam can't afford them.

While They Last

However, if you ask for one—but not at the White House—you can have it, as long as they last. Fewer than 50,000 copies are printed annually. This quantity would hardly have been enough for the Easter and cherry blossom crowds, of course.

So if you really want it, write to the National Park Service, Department of the Interior, Washington, D.C.

School children here in large groups receive the White House leaflet in the bundle of similar descriptive material given them about other national shrines.

Of course, the Lee mansion at Mount Vernon or the Lee mansion at Arlington, then receive such

pamphlets about those mansions, trying to make up for the on the spot. But then, too, at each last two weeks when their regular of these shrines they pay an entrance fee that covers printing costs.

So it looks as if it's up to you sister. Pass the hat. If somebody will defray the printing costs, then Uncle Sam can afford to be generous with the latest printed work on the White House.

There is a new edition of the leaflet out now. It was whipped together shortly after the White House renovation was outmoded by the current craze for switching around the pictures on the White House walls.

The 1953 leaflet showed a shot of the state dining room with the famous Healy portrait of Lincoln over the mantel and a view of the front hall with a portrait of Franklin D. Roosevelt on the left wall. But both of these portraits have since been moved to other sites.

The new leaflet takes no chances on further picture switcheroos. We are told that the rooms were photographed so that you cannot identify portraits on the walls.

Green Thumbs

Some women yearn for a new think coat. Others crave a diamond necklace. But half a dozen Washington wives will settle for some grass seed and a couple of truckloads of fertilizer and topsoil.

Thanks to the happy inspiration of Mrs. Nelson Rockefeller, whose husband is now special assistant to President Eisenhower, these wives were hard at it in their own gardens these fine spring days. And there is nothing amateur about their green thumbs, either.

All winter, under the leadership of "Tod" Rockefeller, they have been studying with a Virginia botanist. Once a week they all drive over to Falls Church, Va., to spend a morning under the tutelage of J. Morton Franklin. He supervises them down upon their hands and knees with trowel, seeds and pruning shears.

Hired gardeners who work for the Rockefellers at their Foxhall Road estate have learned that the lady of the house knows exactly what she's talking about when she gives directions. Like as not, Tod Rockefeller gets out there and shows them with their own two hands.

On Easter Sunday, another one of the wives was seen by her neighbors as she put her new store of knowledge to work in her own front and back yards. She is the one U.S. senator's wife in the group.

Mary Ellen Monroney, whose husband "Mike" is the Democratic senator from Oklahoma. Incidentally, Sen. Monroney is not a nun alone. He was right out there with

Mrs. Thomas S. Gates Jr., whose husband is undersecretary of the Navy, has two homes in which to put her new knowledge of the soil to work—her house in Washington and her country home at Devon, Pa.

Beniah Foster, whose husband, Bill, was formerly deputy secretary of defense, tries out her tricks with a trowel in their small Georgetown garden and the more spacious grounds of their Long Island residence.

Another graduate of the winter's course in good gardening is Mrs. Robert Amory Jr., whose husband, a former Boston lawyer, is now deputy director of the Central Intelligence Agency.

Smashed Furniture

So you want to be a foreign-service wife and see the world? You can, if you don't mind smashed furniture.

At a recent tea for foreign-service wives in Alexandria, the hostess, Mrs. Walter P. McConaughy,

whose husband is the director of the Office of Chinese Affairs in the State Department, had a real story, illustrated in her own dining room, of the hazards of the U.S. Foreign Service for wives.

Guests admired her handsome dining room table, the matching server, and dozen chairs. They were told that when she was a bride, Dorothy McConaughy designed the set herself and supervised its construction by a talented Chinese cabinetmaker.

Then came Pearl Harbor. She left China and—eventually—so did the furniture. She didn't see it again for 2½ years. When she did, it was nothing but a batch of kindling wood.

For two months the crated furniture had stood in the steady rain on the docks at Shanghai. Finally, it was shipped across the Pacific, through the Panama Canal, by rail to New York and then down to Alabama, where Mrs. McConaughy lived during the war. She put it in storage.

Her husband's next assignment was in La Paz, Bolivia. The furniture was moved from storage, shipped back through the Panama Canal, down the coast of Peru and carried to La Paz, the highest city in the Western hemisphere.

Unpacked, legs, pieces of table top, slivers of chair bottoms fell out before her eyes. But since La

Paz was high above the timber level, there was no wood to repair it.

Like all foreign-service wives, she marshaled her ingenuity and her sense of humor. She hunted up a cabinetmaker, an Austrian refugee, and asked him to do the impossible. With skilled fingers, gallons of glue and the original drawings for her bridal furniture, he converted the gigantic jigsaw puzzle into the present handsome cherry set now adored in the McConaughys' charming home.

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